

## don't threaten me with a good time

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14990687) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14990687>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Thor (Movies)</a> , <a href="#">Marvel Cinematic Universe</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">En Dwi Gast   Grandmaster/Loki</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Loki (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">En Dwi Gast   Grandmaster</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Dubious Consent</a> , <a href="#">Extremely Dubious Consent</a> , <a href="#">Loki (Marvel) Does What He Wants</a> , <a href="#">As Long As What He Wants Is What The Grandmaster Wants</a> , <a href="#">Sakaar (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">Thor: Ragnarok (2017)</a> , <a href="#">Dark</a> , <a href="#">this is just an increasingly creepy fic tbh</a> , <a href="#">But I regret nothing</a> , <a href="#">Blood</a> , <a href="#">just gonna go ahead and tag for that I guess??</a> , <a href="#">Mild Gore</a> , <a href="#">References to Drugs</a>
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-20 Completed: 2018-06-26 Chapters: 3/3 Words: 4548

## don't threaten me with a good time

by [moonmagicked](#)

### Summary

*"When Loki first arrived on Sakaar, he immediately sensed the power there. He could feel it in the air, like an undercurrent of electricity that thrummed through his lungs with every breath. There was magic there, dark magic, old magic. The kind that was horribly out of place on a planet that seemed at first glance to consist of nothing but mountains of garbage."*

The Grandmaster is a much darker and more powerful being than he appears. Loki learns this the hard way.

### Notes

Heed the warnings! This is not a nice fic. But what are you in this ship for if it isn't creepy and dubious interactions??

There are extremely dubious relations in this fic verging on non-con, depending on your perception/interpretation, so be warned.

The whole of this fic is finished so it will be updated very soon. I'll update the tags as needed with new chapters!

I'm showing up six months late to the Frostmaster party with starbucks and I should be ashamed of myself for this fic but....I just had too much fun writing this to even care lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

When Loki first arrived on Sakaar, he immediately sensed the power there. He could feel it in the air, like an undercurrent of electricity that thrummed through his lungs with every breath. There was magic there, dark magic, *old* magic. The kind that was horribly out of place on a planet that seemed at first glance to consist of nothing but mountains of garbage.

The planet, wherever it was, wasn't a part of the Nine Realms. But Loki was skilled at walking the paths between worlds, whether those paths were part of the world tree or not. But when he closed his eyes there on that trash planet and looked for the paths, it was like nothing he had ever seen before.

An infinite number of ways led to the world, but none easily led off. Every pathway was twisted and curving, changing right before Loki's very eyes. They were warped and circular and broken paths, ones that he would surely get lost on and fall from, winding up back on the planet or in the void itself if not somewhere infinitely worse.

There was no easy way off this planet, then. Loki eyed the piles of rubble around him. He could surely find something useful among them, figure something out with a little effort.

But there, in the distance, was a tower. Gaudy and oddly shaped and larger than anything else surrounding it.

And the magic in the air seemed to be coming right from it.

Despite himself, Loki grinned. He was nothing if not curious, and if he was stuck on this planet until he found a way off, then he was certainly going to put that time to good use and find out the source of that powerful magic.

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"No one leaves Sakaar," was the answer Loki heard everywhere he turned. You fought, you fucked, or you died. But you never left.

Loki never turned down a challenge.

Except the chaos, the lawlessness, the booze and the drugs and the sex and the freedom to *forget*—Loki couldn't deny the appeal of all of that. And he wasn't entirely sure if he really did want to leave.

But it was always good to have a contingency plan, just in case.

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Loki sensed the power radiating off the Grandmaster before he ever laid eyes on the man (the *Being*).

He did not truly understand that power until he was laying on the Grandmaster's bed, half undressed and propped up against the pillows while the Grandmaster beside him was still fully clothed.

"Now, Lo-Lo, don't you think we're close enough for you to take all of those silly things off?" the Grandmaster asked, running a finger down Loki's cheek. It wasn't a touch Loki exactly cared for, but he'd be lying if he said he really minded it, either.

"Hmm?" Loki tilted his head toward the Grandmaster in question. His shirt was already off, and it wasn't as if he hadn't been fully naked several times around the Grandmaster already. "What things?"

The Grandmaster made a disappointed *tutt tutt* sort of noise and waged his finger in front of Loki's face, as if the question were a childishly foolish one. Loki had to consciously swallow down his annoyance at the condescending motion.

"All of *that*," the Grandmaster said, waving his hands over the length of Loki's body. "That needless coverup. We're all friends here, aren't we? There's no secrets here, nothing to hide!"

Loki glanced down at himself as the Grandmaster motioned over him. He had an inkling of several things the Grandmaster might be referring to, but he did not like any of them, and he was loathe to mention any of them himself in case he was wrong. Besides, the Grandmaster seemed to find it amusing when he played dumb, and Loki had nothing to gain by giving up that ruse yet.

"You mean my clothes?" Loki asked, purposefully pitching his voice an octave higher and pursing his lips into the perfect picture of flirtatious confusion. "Grandmaster, you've already taken those off."

"No, no, no." The Grandmaster shook his head vehemently and let out a long-suffering sigh. "No, not *that*."

He leaned in closer then, wrapping a possessive arm around Loki's body and drawing him against his own chest. Loki let himself be manhandled without resistance, let himself relax against the other man's body. He felt the Grandmaster's hot breath against his ear as he whispered, "Don't be difficult, Lo-Lo."

"I'm not—"

The Grandmaster's hand snapped out and gripped Loki's chin roughly, cutting him off.

He let his head be turned to face the Grandmaster even as his neck and shoulders protested the awkward angle.

"Look at me, now," the Grandmaster said, hot magic crackling in the air with his voice, and Loki looked, really *looked*, and he truly saw the Grandmaster for just a moment. The Grandmaster smiled, and there were knives behind that smile, rows and rows of sharp pointed teeth in a mouth that stretched wider than his head. The smile crinkled the corner of his eyes, of dozens of eyes with no pupils and two pupils and colors Loki had never seen and couldn't unsee. The Grandmaster was larger than the room, larger than comprehension, and it was like staring into the void, staring into something vast and incomprehensible and endless and terrible.

The Grandmaster blinked and he was himself again, was that small, unassuming form that might have been Aesir, might have been Midgardian, might have been any generic alien at all, but *wasn't* .

He went on speaking as if nothing had happened at all.

“I know that you, heh, well, *I* know that *you* know exactly what I’m talking about,” he said in a smooth voice. “But, well, let’s just do it this way, speed this conversation up, why don’t we?”

With those words the Grandmaster released his grip on Loki’s jaw and snapped his fingers together. Loki felt the exact moment his illusions were stripped away with a sharp tug of magic, quick and brutal and effective. It felt nothing like Loki’s own magic, it was something far older and far more powerful. His breath caught in his throat and he snapped his gaze down to his body—still Aesir-colored, thank the Norns.

“There we go,” the Grandmaster said. “Isn’t that better?”

“Yes,” Loki said, because he understood the warning in what he had just seen, knew better than to say anything contrary to the Grandmaster right then. “Yes, you’re right.”

“Well of course I’m right. But oh, why don’t we look here, what *have* you been hiding from me?”

The Grandmaster reached out and ran one manicured nail down the ragged scar in the center of Loki’s chest, the ugly souvenir from his almost-death at the hands of the Kursed. Loki had truly thought he was going to die from it, and indeed it took an agonizingly long time to heal, leaving behind a raised and unsightly scar that he kept hidden under the illusion of unblemished skin, like he did with all his other scars. They were all nasty memories, his scars, reminders of past events he would rather not be reminded of, and he operated under the adage that out of sight meant out of mind.

It was nothing more than mere illusion wiped away, but Loki felt far more exposed than he ever had devoid of clothing in the Grandmaster’s presence.

“I saw right through these the moment I saw you,” the Grandmaster said, running his finger up and down the raised skin of the scar. “What were you thinking, trying to keep secrets from me? Truly, I’m hurt.”

“I assure you, I meant nothing by it,” Loki said. His throat felt dry and he had to swallow a few times, had to take in a deep breath to stop himself from trembling. He focused on his thin relief that it was only the glamour that the Grandmaster had removed, not his Aesir skin. “It’s merely habit.” “*Tsk*, what a silly habit. No more of that, alright? I want to see all of you, uncovered, heh, *naked*. How does that sound?”

*Horrible*, Loki thought. Aloud, he said, “Of course.”

The Grandmaster’s breath was hot against his neck again then and Loki shivered, both from fear and pleasure. The air sparked again and Loki thought he saw the glint of teeth out of the corner of his eye.

“Now don’t think I don’t see right through this little shape-shifting form you’ve got going on,” the Grandmaster said and Loki could not stop his breath from catching, his body from tensing. *No*, Loki thought, *please no*. “I’ll give you a pass right now, because you just have so many scars and I want to hear *all* of the stories behind those. But I’m going to see what’s underneath all your little magic tricks, Lo-Lo. Won’t that be fun?”

“Yes, Grandmaster,” Loki said. It was all he could bring himself to say.

“There’s a good boy,” the Grandmaster said, and the following kiss to Loki’s neck felt sharp.



## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Warnings for blood and mild gore (I guess that's what you'd call it??), though I feel like if you're already here that's not going to bother you much lol.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Really, it wasn't all that bad on Sakaar. Loki was nothing if not appreciative of the pleasures in life, and there was no shortage of those on the planet.

If he didn't think too hard it was easy to lose himself in the haze of drinks and drugs and sex, and he found that he really didn't mind it much at all.

And, well, the Grandmaster was *really* good in bed.

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Loki only made the mistake of saying the word "no" once.

It wasn't even worth it. He had woken up in a foul mood, groggy and head aching from the aftereffects of whatever drink or drug he had imbibed in the night before. He opened his eyes and found himself naked, sticky, sweaty, still in the Grandmaster's bed next to the man himself, who was equally as naked and watching him with what could only be described as a predatory look in his eyes.

"Well good morning, sunshine," the Grandmaster said, snaking a hand over to Loki's thigh. The touch was unwelcome, as gross and miserable as Loki felt at the moment, and he had to stop himself from pulling away and snapping.

"Not a very 'good' morning, if you ask me," Loki grumbled, closing his eyes again. Norns, his head *hurt*. He couldn't remember the previous night well, just blurry flashes, but whatever it was that had happened he certainly regretted it now.

"Nonsense!" the Grandmaster said and Loki flinched at the pitch of his voice. "You're here, naked, in my bed, and *I'm* here, naked, in my bed, and we're about to both be here, naked, in my bed, together. Doesn't that sound like a grand morning to you?"

"No," Loki said, eyes still squeezed shut. "No, it really doesn't."

The energy in the room changed. The air felt charged, and Loki knew intrinsically that he had overstepped somehow. Warily, Loki pried his eyes open, and saw the Grandmaster looking at him with a deeply disappointed and affronted expression. It would have been comical if Loki weren't aware of the thrum of magic around him, the dangerous power behind that seemingly innocuous face.

"Oh, you know, I just... I just really *hate* that word, such an ugly, ugly word," the Grandmaster said. He grimaced and stuck out his tongue as if he had tasted something foul.

"There's no place here for that word, and I just—I just don't want to hear it from your pretty little

lips ever again. Okay?” He voiced it as if he were actually asking, as if there was anything except one correct answer to that false question.

Loki really should have stopped talking there, he knew it, but his head *hurt* and he was in a foul mood and he was sticky with the remnants of who-knows-what and the absolute last thing he wanted was the Grandmaster’s hands on him right then, and he was a prince after all, a *king*, and he did not want to put up with the Grandmaster’s silly theatrics right then.

(He had also gotten too comfortable, too complacent, but he would not admit that to himself, that he had let a little pleasure blind him to reality of his situation)

“What word, *no*?” Loki said, letting his lips pull into a sneer. “I think I can say *no* if I so desire.”

The Grandmaster’s hand left his thigh then, and Loki had only the briefest moment to be relieved before that hand was on his neck, manicured nails digging hard into his flesh, and when had the Grandmaster’s nails become that *sharp*?

“Ah ah ah,” the Grandmaster said, “I’m just gonna stop you right there. That’s just, that’s just such an *awful* word, Loki. Really, I just hate hearing that from your tongue. Actually, you know what...”

He trailed off, smiling, and stared Loki in the eye for several seconds longer than was comfortable. Loki could feel his heartbeat racing in his neck under the Grandmaster’s fingers.

Then the Grandmaster leaned in and kissed him. Loki let him, parting his lips and letting the man’s tongue in without resistance, let the kiss be deepened as it felt like the Grandmaster’s mouth was opening wider and wider—

A sudden shock of pain, hot and sharp and angry, cut through his mouth, and Loki would have screamed but he no longer had a voice to scream with. Hot blood—*his* blood—filled his mouth and he gagged. The Grandmaster broke the kiss then, pulling away, his face coated in Loki’s blood. He grinned, his teeth deceptively dull under all that blood.

And in his teeth he held Loki’s tongue.

Loki tried to scramble away but the Grandmaster’s hand still gripped his neck, holding him still with a strength he should not have. Still smiling, the Grandmaster opened his mouth and dropped Loki’s tongue, *his tongue*, into his free hand. He held the bloody, fleshy thing up between two fingers and wiggled it in front of Loki’s face.

“Cat got your tongue?” the Grandmaster said with a horrible laugh, little droplets of blood spraying from his lips. “Now your, heh, your *silvertongue* can’t say that nasty, nasty little word anymore.”

Loki was, for the first time since he had arrived on Sakaar, truly and wholly terrified. The pain in his mouth was searing and he was suddenly certain he was going to die right then, drowned in his own blood as the grandmaster squeezed the air from his lungs without so much as straining a muscle.

The Grandmaster made a show of slowly licking the blood from his lips. “Mmm, delicious.”

Loki thought he might vomit.

“Oh, come now, don’t look like that,” the Grandmaster said. “Really, Loki, you can be so *dramatic*.”



And suddenly Loki could breathe. The hand released its grip from his neck and Loki fell back against the bed, gasping and choking and sputtering—

The pain was gone. Loki froze, one shaking hand flying up to his mouth. It was dry, no trace of the warm blood that had poured from his lips only seconds before. And behind his teeth he could feel his tongue, whole and unbitten.

The Grandmaster sat watching him with an amused grin on his equally unbloodied face.

“Aww, Lokes, did I scare you?” the grandmaster asked in a cooing voice, as if he were talking to a child. “I thought you of all people would appreciate a good magic trick.”

His heart hammering in his chest, his breaths coming in gasps, Loki could only stare at the madman in front of him.

“Now, where were we...? Ah, yes, we were discussing what a *good* morning it was, yes? And how it was about to get so much better...”

The Grandmaster’s hand snaked down to Loki’s thigh again and gave it a squeeze.

“Yes,” Loki said. “Yes, you’re right.”

## Chapter End Notes

Honestly I wrote this entire fic around the idea of the tongue biting scene. That... probably doesn't say anything good about me but... ټ\_(ツ)\_/

I'll have the last bit up within a few days!

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

Just gonna reiterate the warnings for very dubious consent, as well as some dubious drug use in this chapter. And just generally for creep factor, since this is Not A Happy Fic (though I hope I tagged this well enough that no one should be surprised by that at this point lol)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

One thing Loki had to admit about Sakaar was that its inhabitants *really* knew how to party. He wasn't sure he had ever seen such a vast array of substances; there was alcohol stronger than anything he had ever found on Asgard, pills of every shape, potions of every color, herbs, chemicals, and substances he couldn't even begin to categorize.

Sakaar was a haven for lost things and it catered strongly to degenerate lost souls, of which Loki absolutely was one.

He abstained at first from all but the most mild of indulgences. Loki was reckless, yes, and there wasn't much he wasn't willing to try, but he was also stranded on an alien planet with a dangerously powerful madman for an overlord. He wanted to keep his wits about him.

That only lasted until the absolute last thing Loki wanted was to keep his wits about him. Or his thoughts, or his memories, or god forbid his *feelings*.

"Oooh, someone's having a fun night," the Grandmaster said. Loki didn't quite manage to hide his startled flinch. He really must have been too many drinks in if someone had actually managed to sneak up on him.

"Mmm, not fun enough yet," Loki said, taking another gulp of his drink. It was bright green and tasted somewhere between acidic and metallic, but disgusting as it was on his tongue it was doing a fabulous job at making his thoughts fuzzy.

"Well I can *absolutely* help with that," the Grandmaster said, wiggling his eyebrows and grinning. Wiggling, actually *wiggling* his eyebrows. It looked ridiculous and Loki snorted into his drink.

Oh, Norns, he really was drunk.

The Grandmaster, thankfully, took it in stride. "Oh, Lo-Lo, I like you when you're drunk. You should get drunk more often."

"I try to make it a point not to, actually."

"Ah-ah, let's not get contrary now, darling," the Grandmaster said. He was still smiling, but Loki could hear threat behind his words. For a moment, all Loki could think of was *sharp bloody teeth and dozens of eyes and blood and darkness*—

He downed the rest of his drink in one swallow.

"My apologies, Grandmaster," Loki said, letting the burn of the alcohol ease the lie. "You're right,

of course.”

“Yes, yes I am, thank you,” the Grandmaster said, beaming. “Here, let me get you something special.”

The Grandmaster snapped his fingers and immediately someone was next to him, taking down his request and scurrying off to get it.

“Will this help the night be more fun?” Loki asked. He kept his voice light, though he was equal parts wary of and intrigued by anything the Grandmaster might consider fun.

“Absolutely,” the Grandmaster said. The same servant came back then, two glasses in hand. One was a deep blue and the other amber. The Grandmaster took them both and dismissed the servant with a nod.

The Grandmaster handed Loki the blue one and then reached into his pocket and pulled out a vial of something clear. In one smooth motion he poured the liquid into Loki’s glass and hummed in satisfaction. “And *voila!* The magic ingredient to ensure a very fun night.”

“None for you?” Loki asked, bringing the cup up to his nose and sniffing it. It smelled strongly of alcohol with a fruity undercurrent, but he couldn’t detect anything more.

“No, no, it’s all for you, sweetheart. Now go ahead, drink up! No need to be suspicious. You trust me, after all, don’t you?”

Loki wasn’t sure what the right answer to that was, because the Grandmaster knew full well that Loki *didn’t* trust him and if he said *yes* it’d be an obvious lie, but he also hated being told no. Instead of answering aloud, Loki grinned and took a sip.

The liquid was cold, but it tasted like fire going down his throat.

“Wonderful,” the Grandmaster said, ever-grinning. “Now you just finish up that drink and I’ll be back to make sure you’re having a good time in just a bit. And we can finish off the night having a *really* good time.”

“I can’t wait,” Loki said, punctuating the words with another sip. It burned just as much on the second taste.

Truly, Loki wasn’t even lying. He couldn’t say he wasn’t curious what the drink would do. The Grandmaster was terrifying and bizarre, but he did have good taste in designer drugs, and even better taste in the bedroom. If he meant for the night to end in bed, then it was more than likely Loki was in for a genuinely fun time.

His first indication that that wasn’t the case was the cold sensation the started to grow in his stomach. It wasn’t painful, and it wasn’t exactly uncomfortable, but it was strangely cold. Loki frowned but took another sip of the drink anyway. It felt even hotter as he swallowed in contrast to the cold feeling in his stomach.

He had finished the last of the drink when his fingers started to tingle. His thoughts had moved straight past hazy and directly into muddled and confused. Loki couldn’t remember the last time he had felt this drunk.

The tingle in his fingers spread to his hands and it took Loki several times to get his eyes to focus on them. When he managed it, he had to blink a few times to make sure he was really seeing what he thought he was.

Blue. His hands were turning blue.

Panicked thoughts tried to grip at him, but they felt sluggish and far away. He had achieved exactly what he had set out to do earlier in the night: get too drunk to feel his emotions.

Except no, that wasn't true, he realized. He could feel the panic if he focused, could feel his heart racing and his breath speed up.

And as the blue crept further up his arms, the panic crept up with it.

He didn't like this, he didn't like it *at all*.

He grabbed at his arms with fumbling hands and felt like crying at the cold, rough skin he felt under his palms. *Jotun skin*. This couldn't be happening, not here, not in a room full of dozens of people who could all look at him and see his monstrous skin. Desperately, Loki ran his hands up and down his arms, as if touching them would erase the hideous blue, but he couldn't make it stop, his magic was useless against the spread of the blue. He couldn't feel anything but cold and he dug his fingers deeper and deeper into that awful blue, and all he could feel was cold cold cold, even the dark blue that started to well up where his fingers dug in was cold cold cold *cold*.

"Ah ah ah ah! Stop that, none of that now, stop, stop, I said stop that." It took Loki a long time to recognize that words were being spoken, and even longer to recognize that it was the Grandmaster and that it was him being spoken to. The Grandmaster's hands were on his, prying his fingers away from his skin, by the time Loki's addled brain comprehended the words. "Lo-Lo, what *are* you *doing*?"

"I—I don't know—" Loki couldn't think of the words in his head, couldn't get his lips to form them even if he did. "Stop—Make it stop."

"Shhh, shh." The Grandmaster wrapped a comforting arm around Loki's shoulder. "It's okay, don't be scared. I'm not going to let anything happen to you, darling."

If Loki were sober he would have been embarrassed by the utter lack of control he had over his body and emotions, by how he melted into the Grandmaster's touch. As it was, it was all he could do not to start sobbing as he buried his head in the Grandmaster's neck and focused on the soothing words. The Grandmaster's platitudes were warm, so unlike the cold of his body.

"Come now, let's take you to bed. You need to rest, by the looks of it. Don't worry, I've got you now," the Grandmaster said. He slipped his arm from Loki's shoulder to his waist and gripped it harder to help support his weight. Loki's legs couldn't seem to connect to his brain and he stumbled more than he walked, leaning heavily against the Grandmaster.

"You're doing so good," the Grandmaster said soothingly. "Just a little bit farther."

The warm feeling the praise brought on wasn't enough to distract from the cold and the blue that Loki knew was there, but it helped.

At some point Loki had blinked, and when he opened his eyes again the Grandmaster was laying him down on the bed.

"When...?" he tried to ask. He wasn't sure if he had said it out loud or just thought it. He wasn't sure of anything at that point.

"Shhh, just relax," the Grandmaster said. Loki wanted to scream at that, or maybe burst out sobbing. Instead he determinedly stared up at the ceiling and not down at his own monstrous body

laid out on the bed.

“Look at you,” the Grandmaster said appreciatively. He began to slowly undress Loki, making a show of savoring it. “You’re a masterpiece. Why would you ever hide this beautiful skin from me, sweet thing?”

“Not beautiful,” Loki said, too drunk and too high and too distressed to remember not to contradict the Grandmaster. “I’m a *monster*.”

“Yes, well, I *like* monsters,” the Grandmaster said and he pulled Loki’s pants down and off his ankles. “And you are *gorgeous*.”

Despite himself, Loki shivered at the praise and the realization that he was now fully naked.

Fully naked as a *Jotun*.

He squeezed his eyes shut and turned his head away.

“I thought...” he had to pause and think hard to string the words together properly, “I thought you said... this would be *fun*.”

“Oh, I did. And it is fun, for *me*. Very, very, very fun.”

Loki’s skin prickled as the Grandmaster began to run his fingers gently along it, starting at his neck and trailing down his chest and stomach, stopping just at his hips, not going any lower yet. It felt good, and Loki *hated* that anything in this skin could feel good.

“You weren’t supposed to *hurt* yourself, you silly boy. Only I get to do that,” the Grandmaster said, moving his touch to Loki’s arms.

“I hate it,” Loki couldn’t help but say.

“Well *I* love it,” the Grandmaster said. He paused to kiss the freshly torn skin of Loki’s arms. “And as you should know, I’m always right.”

Then the Grandmaster licked at the dark blue blood of his arm and Loki let out a whine. He could feel heat pooling in his groin, even more obvious in contrast to the cold, and he hated it, he hated it, he couldn’t feel good in this monstrous form, he couldn’t have sex like this—

“Oh, you are just *stunning*, just absolutely magnificent, I could look at this all day,” the Grandmaster said. He leaned up and kissed Loki. His own blood tasted strange on his lips.

“I’m going to look at every single inch of you,” the Grandmaster said as he slid his hand down between Loki’s legs.

Icy tears pricked at the corner of Loki’s eyes even as he eagerly pressed his hips up into the Grandmaster’s hand.

## Chapter End Notes

This is the part that took me the longest to come up with but I think it's the part I like the best. Funny how that happens sometimes.

And here is the end up my creepy horror-esque Frostmaster fic! I should be more ashamed of writing this trash but... ͡\_ ( ͡° ) ͡\_ /

I know I'm like, over half a year late to this party, and this fic is definitely not everyones cup of tea, but I hope there's enough people still interest in dark Frostmaster to have enjoyed this. Thanks for reading, if you stuck around!

## End Notes

Thank you for reading! I thrive off validation, so please let me know what you think!

The next chapters will be up soon. It just gets darker as it goes on, my friends.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!